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"Did their Art lead them? or did their desire for gain lead them? They might like making money exceedingly, but if it came to a fair question of whether they were to make £500 less upon a business, or to spoil their building, and they chose to spoil their building, it was all over with their Art. They must love Art for its own sake, and if they allowed the desire for money, for fame, or for position, to take precedence over the love of their Art, they were not, in the true sense, artists—they were mechanics and drudges."

"In the next place, they must love the creation they work in the midst of, for wholly in proportion to the intensity of feeling with which they approached to the subject they had chosen, would be the depth and justice of their perception of its character: *that perception was not to be gained at the moment they wished to bring it to bear, but must be the fruit of an intimate feeling of love and sympathy.*"

Mr. Ruskin's own preference for architecture among the sister Arts, leads him to make certain assertions which, if true, are somewhat like the brusqueries of a well-meaning, but ill-bred man in polite society; for instance, he says that, as architecture "embraced a wider field than all others, so it was more profound and holy than all others." We are not disposed to question this point at present, but we cannot consent to placing the architect upon a virtuous pedestal at the expense of his artist brethren, according to the following dictum, that—

"The artist (meaning the painter, sculptor, etc.), when his pupil is perfect, must see him leave his room that he may pursue his destiny, perhaps, as an *opponent* in toil; the man of science *wrestles* with the man of science, but *architects alone were called by kindness to fraternity of toil!*"

This short lecture is an epitome of Mr. Ruskin's faults and excellences, the latter of which, as usual, predominate. Critics may say what they will about this man, but he is the best writer on Art for the public generally that the world ever saw. Independent of the positive knowledge which he has developed by study and research, and regardless of his eloquence, which (a popular idol-quality) is rarely more than rhetorical deception, Mr. Ruskin is entitled to the honest endorsement of every lover of truth and Art of his time. He has for this age exposed conventionalities, shams, and false worship more ably and skillfully than his contemporaries, and he is, therefore, a reformer in the best sense of the word. It is not to be wondered at that he, in his turn becomes an idol to sectarian disciples. It would be a wonder if he did not. The world is not yet advanced far enough to estimate truth apart from the personalities with which it is connected.

No error is more common, than to mistake the evidences of fashion for those of taste,—unless it be to overlook the close connection that exists between fashion and vulgarity. No man can possess taste without either a superior intellect or superior education; but the veriest blockhead can appreciate the value of fashion, and adapt himself to its acquisitions.—*N. A. Review.*

BEAUTY.—I have come to the conclusion, if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity—and which, by expanding the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—*Professor Upham.*

Landscape-Gardening.

THE last issue of *The North American Review* contains an article bearing the title of "Landscape and its Treatment," an excellent book, which serves as a text for the discourse, being *Village and Farm Cottages*, by Messrs. Cleaveland and Backus. There are one or two positions taken by the writer, which we have to dissent from; the first one being the use of the word "Landscape," circumscribing its meaning so as to leave it to be inferred that external nature can be scientifically *treated*, so as to be rendered more interesting than when left to that harmonious development in association with man wherein he acts unconsciously upon it. Perhaps the following quotations will show what we mean. He says:

"Houses are artificial objects; *but no landscape is complete, or interesting without them.* After all this cant about the natural and the artificial, the warmest admirer of nature must admit that a landscape is cold and inexpressive, unless it contains some work of human hands."

If we were an architect, we might accept this assertion as a special plea for the craft; but, as a general principle, we must demur, and the writer himself agrees with us in the following sentence, which may be quoted as a rejoinder to the above.

"The rude parts of landscape, it will not be denied, are more commonly picturesque than such as have been smoothed and embellished by the hand of man, because Nature does not, so often as man, introduce offensive and discordant objects into her scenes."

We may, perhaps, be too sensitive; but it seems to us the writer seeks to confound the spontaneous landscape of Nature with the artificial one of man. We, therefore, protest against any distortion of the term *Landscape*, the signification of which we conceive to mean any aspect of Nature, that is felt to be beautiful through communion with the spirit of its creator. It may include "the loveliest village of the plain," or the "diamond city of the desert," like Damascus, or a "snow-clad alp," and dark ravine, or vine-clad hills, or a vast prairie, or the unlimited ocean, we enjoy landscape, whether mingled with works by the hand of man, or whether we gaze upon any of its features, rude, untamed, and unmarked by any sign of human power. So far as the term Landscape-gardening is concerned, we have no special affection for it. Let us have a better, if possible. Our writer considers it a misnomer, and says—

"We would suggest the word *Calichthonics* (compounded of the Greek words *καλός* beautiful, and *χώρα* earth) as an appropriate name for the science that treats of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, both in nature and art, as applied to the improvement of landscape, thus comprehending within its sphere, not gardening alone, but likewise dendrology, architecture, road-making, geognosy, and monumental sculpture."

We give the word *Calichthonics* an airing, and invite

opinion upon its acceptance. We make further quotation, in order to give the meaning of two "hard words," namely, "Dendrology, or the forester's art, is embraced in this science (oaliethonics) so far as it relates to the grouping and arrangement of trees and shrubbery for the sake of giving pleasure to the sight."

And

"Geognosy or Geoscopy, the science that treats of the parts and the configuration of the earth's surface, constitutes that division of the landscape art which is usually treated under the heads of ground, rocks, and water.

Arguing upon his special view of the "science of landscape," the writer says:

"As political economy regards the general wealth of the nation, instead of the improvement of private fortunes at the expense of the masses, in like manner should the science of landscape embrace a system of rules for improving the aspect of the whole country, and not merely for the laying out of estates and the erection of magnificent houses. We use the word *improving* instead of *ornamenting*, because the majority of operations required by this art are not to be considered as ornamental, in any sense, unless every object, however plain, that awakens an agreeable sentiment, is an ornament. To extend the meaning of a word so greatly beyond its customary limits of signification, would be an abuse of language. An old, misshapen tree, a mass of venerable ruins, a plain, unadorned cottage, or a huge precipice, is not an ornament; yet, in certain situations, each of these objects may add a peculiar interest to the landscape. The same may be said of many other objects that please by their expression of character, or by agreeable images associated with them. It is not the aim of this science to teach those citizens alone who have accumulated great fortunes how to construct magnificent houses, gardens, and parks, which by their splendor shall excite the admiration of the crowd. Its aid should be proffered to the poorest and most humble citizens, to awaken in their hearts certain dormant sensibilities, and to strengthen their minds with a new intelligence. By the study of these principles they will learn, that magnificence and splendor are not the only qualities that are beautiful in prospect; that there is beauty to the mind as well as to the eye; and that, amidst the pomp and glitter of pride and extravagance, the spectator often turns away unsatisfied or displeased, to view with unexpressed delight the plain cottage of the laborer, surrounded with the tokens of lowly industry and thrift. Our Art has as much to do with a rustic field-path as with a gravel-walk; with a bed of wild-flowers as with a flower-garden."

The following two paragraphs are pertinent to the foregoing.

"The only way to make pleasant ridings in this land of cottages and small farms, is to encourage the people to preserve the trees and shrubbery on all barren hills and eminences, and to cultivate the valleys; for every riding of more than a mile in extent must necessarily pass through the property of several individuals. Our people should be governed by a republican feeling, and not endeavor to distinguish their own grounds from those around them, for the vain purpose of indicating the extent of their domains, but should strive, as far as it is compatible with their own superior cultivation, to make their grounds harmonize with all adjacent scenery. The whole system of improvements in Great Britain is based upon the

assumption, that the gentleman's estate is the only object that concerns it; and the general aspect of the country occupies but a small share of attention. The farm is by many practitioners of this art regarded with contempt, and, if it were possible, they would remove it out of sight, as they do the kitchen-garden. In this country the farm is the most important object that can occupy the attention of improvers; and gentlemen's estates, though requiring a different style of embellishment, are not to be regarded as more important than laborers' cottages."

"In regard to the style of our dwelling-houses and private grounds, we are unfortunately almost entirely under the influence of British tastes and examples. It would be well if we could imitate them in our public grounds, where they are deserving of imitation, and where successful imitation is within our reach. In our general improvements, and in embellishing our private estates, our copying of foreign models has been unwise, and often ridiculous, and it is time that some competent person should put forth in a general treatise those principles which are applicable to our own land."

After speaking of various modes of carrying out art-intentions, the writer says:

"Another kind of affectation, which is still more prevalent in this country, is that of making a cheap house wear the appearance of a costly mansion, thus attempting to convey the impression of a state of affluence on the part of the proprietor, which does not exist. By so doing one reverses the rule of good taste,—that no expectations should be raised above the point to which they can be gratified. This rule is violated, first, when, by the distant view of the house, the spectator is disappointed on a near inspection of it; secondly, when, by the external character of the house, the spectator is disappointed at the comparative meanness of style in the interior; and, lastly, when, by the general appearance of the whole, the visitor is disappointed at the inferior manners of the owner and his family, at their poverty of resources, or at the want of correspondence between the grandeur of the house and grounds, and the proprietor's unsocial, coarse, and vulgar mode of living and receiving company. It is a false ambition which causes one to make his own low-breeding and slender education the more conspicuous, by placing it in contrast with the princely style of his dwelling."

"There is no fondness of distinction more absurd, than that kind of vanity which prompts one, that he may surpass his neighbor's silver to gild his own brass; and it is a serious offence against good taste to cause a house, a garden, or a farm to appear to be what it is not, or to deck it with ornaments which, in the minds of the cultivated and intelligent, are associated with very different objects."

We conclude with the following:

"Every tree, and every bush, that grows on a barren elevation, besides clothing it with beauty, yields its tribute of moisture to the atmosphere and its annual crop of foliage for the pasture, affords a harbor for useful birds, protects the farm from winds and storms, and contributes its humble influence in increasing the salubrity of the atmosphere about our homes. A moderate knowledge of the advantages of these picturesque objects, as sources both of benefit to the farm and of beauty to the landscape, would lead every farmer to save them, and to encourage their growth, especially on all waste and barren hills. And to say nothing of the other advantages connected with the preservation of these objects, how necessary is it, in these days of

commerce, when trade, which is the only source of rapid accumulation, offers the strongest temptations to young men to quit the farm for commercial pursuits,—how necessary is it to spare no pains nor study to render everything about the farm so attractive as to bind men's affections as much as possible to their own paternal acres!"

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ART-STUDENT.

August 15th.—This morning we had a good view of the Scottish coast along the Mull of Galloway. A regular Scotch mist falling, which, with the strong breeze, chilled one to the bone. Along the coast we passed the remains of the wreck of the steamer Princess Royal, and came in sight of Ailsie Craig, a solitary, precipitous rock, rising abruptly out of the ocean, around which myriads of sea-gulls were flying. We next came to the beautiful isle of Arran, passing the ruins of Kildonan Castle, the first ruined castle I ever saw. Along the hill-sides of Arran were patches of cultivation, and small cottages, with an occasional country-seat of some Glasgow resident. There were beautiful combinations of color in these hill-sides, giving evidences of the truth of many similar bits by Hart. Upon the steamer were two blind fiddlers, and a man with a small flute, who played Scotch airs during the whole passage. We had an excellent dinner, as John Bull is a good feeder, and takes care of the creature-comforts on the water as well as the land. Almost everybody drank porter—ladies and all, and I could not help remarking the prevailing rosy tint in the faces at the table; fresh, clear complexions, ruddy cheeks, and all the marks of a good, hearty, physical condition. The only exceptions were our sallow American faces, and one skinny, parchment-like face of a Scotch woman, who, with two children, sat in front of us. I was amused, when she wished a bit of the tongue, at hearing her ask, with her strong Scotch accent, for a *bet o' th' toong*. Scotch caution was also made manifest when the cheese was passed to her, by her remarking that she hoped there were "no flies about there."

Entering the Forth of Clyde, we arrived at Greenock, where we landed and took the railway, as the boat could go no farther until the tide rose. The dock was lined with porters who *silently* solicited employment. I presume they are not allowed to make the outcry they do in our country. It was very amusing to witness their pantomime. One might have concluded that some neighboring deaf and dumb asylum was educating its inmates to the profession of light porters.

August 17th.—At the Inversnaid inn we stopped a few moments, and had a luncheon of nice bread and sweet butter, the like of which I never saw out of Scotland. We then started up the road, and soon lost sight of Loch Lomond. Had the day been a clear one, we would no doubt have had a splendid view to the westward upon reaching the summit of the hill; but the heavy leaden clouds obscured the peaks of the higher mountains. We saw several places where turf had been dug, and quantities of it were stacked up to dry. A mile from the inn we came to Inversnaid Fort in ruins. Along the road were some of the rudest turf-huts I ever saw in pictures: nothing but the smoke issuing from them, would lead a stranger to suppose that anybody used them as abiding-places. Attached to each was a scanty potato patch, enclosed by a rude wicker-work fence, whilst all around stretched the wild, bare moun-

tains, looking unusually desolate in the grey mist. To the eye of an artist it was extremely picturesque; but with any view to comfort or domestic happiness the prospect was a bleak one.

August 18th.—I found a tiny steamer called the *Rob Roy*, which left at nine for the Trosachs. There was an old Scotch piper on board, who played during the trip down, afterwards touching his bonnet all round for pennies. A talkative Scotchman on board pointed out the different localities. Just before reaching the foot of the loch we passed Ellen's isle, made famous by Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*." It is a small, rocky, insignificant island, so near the main shore, that the wonderful feat of young Malcolm Græme, in swimming the distance, instead of accepting the "safe conduct of Rhoderick Dhu," was one that any boy nine years old could do, without puffing. Six good leaps, if the distance was level ground instead of water, would carry one from Ellen's isle to the mainland. Smart young man that Malcolm Græme! Ben Venue, on the other side of the loch, was very grand, however, and after landing from our boat, we scrambled up a path to the top of a rocky promontory, to get a good sight of it. Descending from this we started down the Trosachs, with the expectation of a treat in the way of rugged scenery, for we remember that Sir Walter had said of this pass—

"The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, and battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect."

And also that the outlet was so precipitous, that in olden times the pass could only be reached by a natural ladder, of tree-roots and clambering vines. "Tell it not in Gath!" we passed clean through the Trosachs without knowing it! Where the precipices were, or in what lay its inaccessibility, we could not find out. We ascended a small elevation to the right of the road, where, after luncheon, we made a sketch of Ben Venue, and then started down the road. Seeing a glen to the left, we thought, perhaps, the Trosachs might be there, and accordingly walked over; but it was not as good as the one we came through. We concluded not to "give it up so," and thought by climbing a mountain to our left, we should obtain a fine view of the whole country, and perhaps find the Trosachs yet. We were then on the shores of Loch Achray, near the "*Trosachs Hotel*," from which point we commenced the ascent. Leaving our valises in the bracken-bushes, a short distance up the side, we trudged up to the top, blowing pretty freely by the time we got there. It was a pursuit of the Trosachs under difficulties. The view was splendid, embracing Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and Loch Vennachar, with Ben An, Ben Venue, and a host of other Bens, and the wonderful Trosachs!

"High as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous built on Shinar's plain,"

a few rough, precipitous knolls between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray, through which we had unconsciously passed, with the expectation of finding the grander portions farther on.

Thinking it would not do to climb the mountain for nothing, we sat down and sketched the sharp-peaked Ben An opposite, with a beautiful glimpse of Loch Katrine and mountains beyond; after which we clambered down, got our valises and trudged on, crossing over the Brigg of Turk, mentioned in the "*Lady of the Lake*," a short distance beyond which was